

1963

Christmas Eve, Tuesday, December 24th WHD

The House of Representatives met very early this morning, 7 o'clock I think, to pass the Foreign Aid Bill. It passed, by a tremendously muscular job by a lot of people, which released us from our bondage.

So we left Washington about 9:30, choppered to Andrews, flew to Philadelphia for the funeral of Congressman Green, and then went on to Austin.

The first thing we did in Austin was to go by the Governor's Mansion to see John and Nellie, and they were there, lined up on the back porch -- John, with his arm in a black sling, and looking, as cattlemen would call him, "drawn." He looks older and he looks in pain, but he looks FINE and so handsome. And Nellie was smiling, and there was cute little Sharon, and Mark. We had some coffee and a good little visit, and then continued our journey home.

We decided to visit A. W.'s strip, and it was just about coming sunset. Lyndon got in the car with A. W. and there they went, away to get lost over the skyline. How often I had seen that picture how much I like it and what a real release -- it's just like getting out of jail finally. I'm sure they had a gun in there -- they expected to do a little deer hunting, but a lot more talking.

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I returned immediately to the ranch, to find the house a good deal changed, by Nancy at my request -- Nancy Negley. And most of it I liked very much.

The Alexanders -- Lucia, Becky and Birge -- came up to join us. And, of course, Cousin Oreole, and she brought along Aunt Jessie Hatcher. Cousin Oreole doesn't look very well -- she's lost about 20 pounds and I'm a little worried about her.

There are some changes about the house that I don't like. For instance, there are two great big, [—]two enormous silver saucers, pointing to the sky. I suppose they're radar and have something to do with the landing strip. And then, at each entrance, there's a little white cubicle of a guard house, with the guardsman in it, who checks everybody who comes and goes. And all around the house, front and back, large searchlights that project out into the night, so that we would never be quite settled into the anonymity of darkness.

The place is also abristle with Secret Service, aided by Texas Highway Patrolmen. Much is changed. The impact of this, I suppose, will gradually get through to me.